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WILLIAM TUTTLE OF NEW HAVEN:

AN ADDRESS

DELIVERED AT THE

TUTTLE GATHERING,

NEW HAVEN, CONN.,

SEPTEMBER 3d, 1873.

BY JOSEPH F. TUTTLE,

President of Wabash College, Crawfordsville, Ind.

NEWARK, N. J.

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ADDRESS.

Although a stranger to the most of you yet suffer me to address you as my kindred because we are the descendants of William Tuttle of New Haven. Human nature is such that in all ordinary circumstances the tie of Kinship is both beautiful and strong. When even the selfish Laban met his sister's son, he greeted him with a warmth which could not have been bestowed on a stranger. As for Jacob, with what alacrity did he kiss his Cousin "Rachel, the beautiful and well-favored," when he met her at the well; a greeting which she was not slow to return, because he was her Cousin!

The Western emigrant often experiences a peculiar thrill in meeting even a stranger from the dear land he has left behind, but if perchance he meets one of his own kinsfolk, if he be a man, he is sure to embrace him as Laban did Jacob, and if a woman, especially if comely, he is ready—if there be no objection—to greet her as Jacob did Rachel. A strong and well-poised man shall he prove himself, if in those interesting circumstances he do not like that venerable and homesick bachelor lift up his voice and weep.

We may not have any such pleasant episode to day, unless the younger of our kindred may choose to indulge, but be this as it may, we shall greet each other with more than ordinary interest because of the relation we hold to our common ancestor. Welcome then, doubly welcome, to this meeting of our tribes, all ye who claim descent from the good man whose name to day is in our thoughts, and on our lips. We are kinsmen, and though we may never again mingle in

such scenes as these, we will for to day at least abandon ourselves without constraint to the joys of this new fellowship.

The duty assigned me is not a very easy one. The reason is obvious. You will pardon your genealogist should he prove in any degree prosy in relating the almost endless facts which he has collected concerning our family, for you say that his office is not to amuse but to teach you. But what will you say to one in my position? My office is not to teach you but rather to furnish a respectable figure-head for the occasion. Nor are you likely to be content merely with this. If possible you would like a little amusement, or at least, an intellectual entertainment. And what if I should fail!

Besides, it would seem to be very natural on such an occasion as this, to inquire whether the ancestor of so numerous a family as ours was worthy of such respectable people as we claim to be. And on the other hand could our ancestor have a voice in the matter he might insist on knowing whether we with all our pretensions are worthy of him. The cases may be exceptional, and yet the fact is, some very mean people leave behind them very honorable families, and also that some very honorable people are so unfortunate as to leave very mean families. In such cases the less of history or of reminiscence the better.

An American humorist has hit this matter a hard blow, or at least thought he did, when he ridiculed the pride of family as shown by certain in this country, in the disposition to trace themselves back to a distinguished ancestry.

"Of all the notable things on earth,
The queerest is the pride of birth,
Among our fierce Democracie.
A bridge across a hundred years,
Without a prop to save it from sneers,
Not even a couple of rotten Peers,—
A thing for laughter, fleers and jeers,
Is American Aristocracy."

This is true and witty, but what he next says becomes only sharp in the case of those too weak to perceive the true dignity even of the humblest labor, and the true nobility of those who descend from the humblest true workman. A snob may feel badly in ascending his family thread to

> —"find it waxed at the farther end
> By some plebeian vocation,"

but no true man can trace the blood in his veins to a man who has earned bread, and home and education for his children by honest toil in any honorable calling, however humble, without a feeling of just pride. The ancestor's hands may have handled the plow, or been black as his own smithy, and yet the true man, who is his descendant, will regard that brave workman with greater complacency than he could any ancestor possessed merely of fortune or high birth. He is a true nobleman who by the labor of the brain or the hand transmutes the treasures of the soil, the sea, the air, and the mine into objects of value, and who educates his children to be true, strong, brave, good for the sake of God and mankind. And we are not afraid but rather glory to find such a family thread "waxed at the farther end."

If in our investigations we find that the untitled William Tuttle was such a man we shall not for that reason despise his name nor blush to recall what he was. And if we who draw our blood from his honored veins imitate his virtues then we are sure he would not be ashamed of us. The man who makes a shoe, or produces an ear of corn, or invents a labor-saving machine, and the woman who bakes a loaf of bread, or knits a stocking, or rears in virtue and industry a son or a daughter, are as honorable as kings on their thrones or as the most gifted women that even wielded a scepter as did Queen Elizabeth, or inspired, as Madame Roland did, a political party. Whether our ancestor and his descendants deserve this praise is not for me to say. "Let another praise thee and not thine own lips."

My business to-day is not to repeat history, for the historian's duty is so to sketch the outlines and colors of the past as to present that past to his readers. He must not over-load his pages with either facts or characters, since too many facts—not to mention fictions—make history to resemble an old garret full of the fragmentary lumber of other generations, and too many characters like an unending procession of men on a holiday after a while become tedious.

And am I to write a history of William Tuttle and his generations? The thing is impossible, for the reason if for no other, that I a humble member of a single family tracing itself back to him, know but little of that history, and even if I knew it all and should attempt to repeat it to you, you might say to me as the "great showman" did to the nineteen widows of the deceased Mormon when they offered him the vacant place, "too much! too much!"

Much less do I propose to construct genealogical tables of William Tuttle's children. If any one is to perform this duty it must be our esteemed kinsman George F. Tuttle of New York. Nature, Providence, and taste have already set him apart as the Ezra of our tribes. Among us all there is no more devout lover of our family and its history than he. What old family record, or book of wills, deeds, probate records, manuscripts or printed books, has he not moused after and found! What living man or woman who might even be suspected of knowing something relating to this theme has he not interrogated! What old graveyard in which reposes the dust of any one of this family has he not explored! Like Old Mortality he has with reverent love removed the moss from many an ancient slab on which was traced the name of any descendant of William Tuttle, and he has been an untiring pilgrim to the places where these people have dwelt to learn who and what they were. How has his unselfish and beautiful enthusiasm shamed us into efforts to aid him in his unrewarded labors, and kindled in us an enthusiasm like his own but not its equal!

And yet suppose for a moment that he should offer to open his wonderful pages and from William of New Haven, the stout and worthy trunk, to the last born descendant that like a sweet blossom hangs on a single one of many branches that spring from that trunk he should rehearse it all, sons and daughters and wives and husbands and children through the ten generations of the ten children of William's twelve who left families! Our intelligent genealogist can do it if you desire it, and keep on reading as long as it kept on raining at the flood. And yet how tired we should be of it before he had finished, even it may be in our desperation cursing either the day that William Tuttle came to marry so fruitful a wife as his Elizabeth, or that any one of his descendants should be left to such hardness of heart as to be willing to inflict such a feast of gravel-stones on his kinsmen.

When we were children we sometimes had to read at family worship the geneological chapters of Genesis, Chronicles, Ezra and Nehemiah, until our vocal organs ached. It is true that Luke furnished us relief in his euphonious table of our Lord's ancestry, and we broke into a swift run when we reached the verse, "Which was the son of Joseph, which was the son of Heli, which was the son of Matthat, which was the son of Levi," but when we reached the last verse, which was a sort of "home stretch," we made a rush for the goal as we enunciated in a kind of grand rhythm the words, "Which was the son of Enos, which was the son of Seth, which was the son of Adam, which was the son of God." And yet I can imagine that had the genealogist named all the items in the lineage even in this high sounding way, it might at last have become tiresome. Such da table of our family even to us as a theme for reading coul scarcely prove very entertaining.

I do not speak thus to underrate the value of the work our genealogist is performing for us. By no means. In many respects that work is one of great importance. It is one glory

of man that he is able to reduce facts to classes. The brute creature has no such power of classifying and utilizing facts. Philosophy is the knowledge of facts and their causes, nor should we restrict the definition of the abstract sciences. Ethnology is as truly a science as psychology or mathematics. And have we not a right to regard it as one of the most important of the sciences, dealing as it does with all the phenomena and laws of races? There can be no doubt as to the practical importance of a science which discusses facts and problems entering vitally into the well-being of individuals, families, and races, and I contend that such meetings as this do not answer their highest end whilst ministering to mere personal or family vanity. If rightly used they may enlarge the limits of human knowledge in a very practical domain. There are cases not a few in which the moral and social position has been determined for unborn generations by the choice and influence of a single ancestor of pronounced convictions. When his hand struck the trembling scales he not only fixed his own future but that of his descendants.

In this connection it is not irrelevant to remark that this principle is illustrated in the history of the Jersey branch of our family. William Tuttle's grand-son, Stephen, son of Joseph, settled in Woodbridge, New Jersey, a community of intelligent farmers identified with the Presbyterian Church. On attaining their majority his sons Timothy and Joseph established themselves as mechanics in Newark, which was settled by the best people of Connecticut, and who were hard laborers and also decided Presbyterians. In these communities our Jersey ancestors were trained in the exercise of the fundamental vocations of life as also in the sturdy virtues which the Scotch Kirk has impressed on those who adopt its faith and polity. No doubt these facts have had much to do with the social position and character of the family in New Jersey. It has had hundreds of farmers and mechanics, and not a few professsional men, but as a general rule in whatever

vocation found they have been industrious, frugal, independent and moral. They have had a strong family affection, have been public spirited in reference to the school and church, and truly devoted to the work of liquidating the debt they owed their ancestors by their fidelity to their children.

I crave your pardon for reference to my grandparents, Joseph Tuttle—of the fifth generation from William Tuttle, and son of Daniel Tuttle—and Esther Parkhurst, his wife, who, as our genealogist informs me, reaches back to a very distinguished ancestry through the Bruen family. If this statement be correct the unpretending blacksmith's wife, who eighty-seven years ago last 24th of August gave birth to the twins, one of whom was my father, was connected with "Charlemagne, including collateral connections with all the royal houses in Europe." So illustrious is this lineage that it includes not mere dukes and earls, but kings.

And yet it is to me a greater pleasure know that the gentle and wifely Esther Parkhurst was my grandmother than I could experience in the demonstration that Charlemagne was my ancestor, and I would rather belong to the good family of William Tuttle's descendants than to be connected with "all the royal houses of Europe."

I was speaking of Esther Parkhurst and her husband, Joseph Tuttle. During the latter part of his life he had the misfortune to be crippled in one of his feet, and yet such was his genuine independence that, seated on a revolving bench between his anvil and fire, he hammered out an honest living for his family. No one can tell how much his descendants owe him.

Notwithstanding Mr. Saxe the sharp terms satirises "the pride of family," the most of people when they have the opportunity are quite apt to indulge it. There have been persons—and all of them were not of African descent—who were boastful of their descent from certain great people, and that in spite of the bar-sinister on their escutcheon. But

when the descent is an honorable one the disposition named is both applauded and indulged. I confess myself to have a little weakness of that sort. Let me explain. My earliest recollections are associated with the plain country parsonage in Northern New Jersey in which my parents lived. My early griefs in learning the Noah Webster's Spelling Book, Lindley Murray's Grammar, Daboll's Arithmetic, and the Shorter Catechism were similar to those of many juvenile Tuttles who were educated in those halcyon days. The Latin Grammar, Cæsar and Virgil also needed some outside help to be attractive to my depraved tastes. After these had been studied three or four glorious years at the ploughtail intervened, and then the long struggle for the Bachelor's degree. In due time with unutterable apprehensions of failure I began my work as a pastor, a work continued for seventeen years, years which were marked by scarce a day's sickness and of course by no invalid's leave of absence in Europe. Finally with such sinking of heart as no one can know I was driven most reluctantly from the pastoral office to that which I now occupy, as the presiding officer of one of the most unpretending of the "fresh water Colleges," as Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes so kindly names all the colleges but the one rendered illustrious by graduating him. My life has been full of labor in secluded spheres with but little of glitter and parade.

Nor would I mention the matter at all only to say that from the West Milford parsonage, to the "wool sack" of Wabash College—if I may be allowed so to name my present not very soft seat—I have been in great measure ignorant of my distinguished relatives. For years we supposed our Jersey *Tuttles* to be descended from the Long Island *Tuthills*, only as the latter change we had let the "*hill*" slide. When I first discovered that we are not descended from that excellent race of people I felt in a measure bereaved, or rather disinherited. Not that I was then fully aware of how

much I was losing in being left outside of a family which through Anna Tuthill, the mother of John Cleves Symmes had infused a splendid element into the blood which the Harrisons of North Bend and Indianapolis have inherited from the estimable wife of Gen. William Henry Harrison, nay, a family that through other estimable female members of it had done so much for the Terrells, the Duryeas, and ever so many other equally good families. In fact the Long Island Tuthills have been and they are now so respectable and honorable, that it is to be hoped for *our* sake that our genealogist bestir himself to prove that we are sprung from the same ancestors as the Tuthills, even though he must draw on his imagination for the facts!

But even after it appeared that the ancestors of our Jersey family came not from Southold, but from New Haven, I was not half awake to the honors of the newly discovered relation. Some years ago a gentleman of our name in Boston, wrote me concerning his own ancestors, and ours, the startling news that we had in the New Haven line some high relations. Very modestly he said "that most of the great people named Tuttle or associated with them by blood were in our line," but surely he had forgotten how high he and his brother had carried our common name. We speak of George Washington carving his name higher on the "Natural Bridge" than any one, until one reckless young man at the risk of his life reached a higher point: but what is this to the height to which my correspondent had carried his name, since he and his brother as assistants in the Cambridge Observatory, discovered several comets, one of which in uranography is called "*Tuttle's* Comet." If Washington engraved his name on the face of a high rock, these brothers engraved theirs on the "crystal tresses" of a comet. I refer to Charles Wesley Tuttle of Boston, and his brother Henry Parnell Tuttle, at present a Paymaster in the United States Navy. The former is a busy attorney in Boston, but

by his historical researches he has won so enviable a reputation that he is honored with membership in several of the most select and noted Historical Societies in New England.

And here again let me entreat our acute and delving genealogist to arrange and establish some sort of cousinly relations with the descendants of John Tuttle of Dover. John and William came to Boston in 1635, in the same good ship Planter. Surely our historian can fix up this little matter. Not that I am sufficiently acquainted with the "frugal and thrifty husbandmen" who are descended from John of Dover to make me very urgent that our historian should falsify history in order to establish our consinship with them, but I have such a respect for the only man among them whom I know personally as to feel a desire to learn that at least he is a blood relation, even though quite remote.

I must ask pardon once more for this egotism, but I was saying how much of my life was allowed to pass in utter ignorance of my famous relations. You can scarcely imagine how my blood tingled one day to find my own unworthy name in print, and in the same sentence with "the celebrated Jonathan Edwards, and Aaron Burr," all three descendants of William Tuttle. And that was only a single grain in the full measure of golden wheat which became mine. This man William Tuttle had a daughter Elizabeth, the sister of my ancestor Joseph, and she was the mother of Timothy Edwards of Windsor, the grandmother of Jonathan Edwards of North Hampton and Princeton College, the great-grand mother of Jonathan Edwards of Union College, and the ancestress of Presidents Dwight and Woolsey of Yale College, and President Dwight, Jr. of Hamilton College, and possibly of some other college Presidents; as also a great number of other distinguished men descended from Elizabeth Tuttle and Richard Edwards."

Nor was this all, for on inspecting the portly records of

the family, I found that in other branches we had famous artists, Generals, Bishops, Preachers, Doctors of Divinity, Scholars, business men, and men of mark in other callings. Kensett, the artist whose exquisite genius has evoked from those who survive him such glowing eulogies, Bishop Tuttle, whose zeal in seeking out the destitute communities which are scattered in one of our mountain Territories, is truly apostolic, Dr. Samuel Spring of Newburyport and Dr. Gardiner Spring of New York, and Edward D. Mansfield, the accomplished journalist of Ohio, are among the remarkable descendants of our ancestor. Is it a small privilege to be reckoned as one of such a family?

And here let me pause for breath in the midst of so splendid a recital, before I name the last and most astounding fact. I do so with great humility on my own part, and with profound sympathy for such of you as have no part or lot in the matter. However, you will comfort yourselves in thinking that you are not responsible for the defect. I am now in a blind way referring to the most distinguished of the blood relations of some of us, for if I have not misunderstood the learned statements of our genealogist, my grand-mother Esther Parkhurst was a descendant from the Bruen family, either from Obadiah Bruen, or his half-sister Mary—I forget which—and the Bruen family is directly connected with "Charlemagne and all the other royal houses of Europe." Nay, it is hinted as probable and even asserted by some that this Bruen blood of which I speak reaches back through these royal channels to the palace of the Byzantine Emperors on the Bosphorus. And after this pleasant exhibit of my relations, the delightful historian added a remark which is more appreciable than the splendid but "glittering generalities" just named, for he said with great pride, "William Tuttle's children married in the leading families, and the Blood of William Tuttle still remains the best blood in Connecticut." Why could he not have added *New Jersey* also, but he did not.

And yet, until within a short time—a few years at farthest—I was delving in my humble lot in life and fulfilling its duties, ignorant of the quality of the blood that was pulsating in my veins, and which had pulsated in noble, even royal veins. Could I have known that the Edwardses, and Dwight, and Woolsey, and other distinguished theologians were my relatives how much easier would I have found it to commit and digest the Shorter Catechism! When my faithful and strong-handed father used carefully selected whips from the Canfield Apple Tree to quicken my love of catechismal theology and also the hoe and axe, what a relief had it been to the smart had I known that my distinguished relation, Aaron Burr, might not have become so bad a man had his uncle and guardian applied the apple tree switches to him when he was a boy! And when that Napoleon, of the Newark Academy, Mr. Nathan Hedges, used the rattan to enlighten the eyes of my understanding in the mysteries of language, numbers, and geography, might I not—could it have been otherwise—have arrested the ignominious blows which fell on me as if I were a mere plebeian by crying out, not as the Roman did of whom Cicero speaks, "I am a Roman Citizen," but Edwards and Dwight are my cousins, and Charlemagne my regal or rather, imperial ancestor! But the knowledge came too late!

Pardon these sentences which may seem to savor too much of levity for the gravity of such an occasion as this. You will of not understand me as speaking contemptuously of our own or any body else's ancestry. That "blood will tell" is a proverb in which I have the greatest confidence, and I am sure that we have reason for gratitude in this respect, and to watch carefully our inheritance.

The Connecticut branches of our family will pardon a very brief reference to the descendants of Stephen Tuttle, who must have emigrated to New Jersey early in the last century. His two sons, Timothy and Joseph, lived in Newark until

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about 1730 or 1732, and then removed to Morris County, where they had previously purchased lands, a part of which is still in their families. Both these families were prominent in the Hanover Presbyterian Church, the oldest in the County. As the Revolutionary struggle came on they united with the patriotic party, with no exception so far as I have heard. In a book published by the New Jersey Legislature, containing the names of those who, in any capacity, were in the army during the Revolution, I find that twenty-seven men of our name were either in the Continental army or the State Troops. There hangs on the wall before me, as I write, William Tuttle's certificate of membership in the Society of the Cincinnati, signed by George Washington as President, and Hugh Knox as Secretary. He was the youngest son of Daniel by the first marriage, and entering the army when he was not more than sixteen served to the close of the War. When he enlisted he went to the house to get his father's consent, and that gentleman showed the stuff that was in him by stepping to the door and saying to his eldest son in a peremptory tone, "Here, Tim; Bill has listed, and I want you to list also to take care of him!"

This man, Daniel Tuttle, and his five grown sons all were in the service of the country. These belonged to Timothy's branch, but the sons of Joseph, the younger brother, were not less pronounced in their politics. Of course the same was true of the female members of both families.

It would not be difficult to occupy a very considerable time in rehearsing incidents in which these people were conspicuous during that trying period. The names of battle fields on which they fought are familiar words in history, and their blood and sufferings assisted to consecrate Middle Brook, Valley Forge, and Morristown, where our armies passed several dreadful winters. In the army the men were soldiers, and at home the women laid the choicest of the flock and herd and field on the altar of the country. They

dwelt in no very pretentious houses, but such as they were they were at the service of the country. In those dwellings lived God-fearing men and women who wrought out for their families an honest livelihood. They were not ashamed to use the awl, hammer, and saw to earn bread, education, and respectable standing for their children, according to the measure of their ability. Not a few of them, by their devout and honorable lives, have left behind them a name whose fragrance is as that of a field which the Lord hath blessed.

I make these references to the New Jersey branch as a sign to you who dwell in the ancient home that we have exercised some fidelity in preserving the honor of our common name.

As was remarked already, we who are related to a common ancestor for the first time unite in an act of public commemoration. Two hundred and thirty-eight years ago the man in whom our lineages unite landed at Boston. There stood with him on the shore his wife and three children. The Pilgrims had landed only fifteen years earlier. Except at a few points the continent was a wilderness. Most of the brave men who made the assault on that vast wilderness were still living. The horrors of the first winter at Plymouth were still fresh in memory, and no doubt were repeated to our ancestor by those who had felt them. That he had heard of them before he left England is certain, but he was a man of too much courage to be kept from his purpose even by real perils.

Our ancestor was not a man of wealth, but he was not a pauper. He had enough to bring his family to Boston in 1635, and to New Haven in 1639, and to settle them comfortably in the new home. We infer that he was a man of energy, thrift and piety. In one of the most unique and well-assorted Colonies in New England he began his work in America. Concerning his history and that of the family to

which he belonged we know very little, and even that is unsatisfactory by reason of its poverty of details. When we touch the deck of the Planter and single the man William, from the three men who had the common name, we reach definite facts, not a great many, but for the most part satisfactory. He and his wife Elizabeth had twelve children, from whom has sprung a multitude of descendants. They did not belong to the aristocratic classes of the old country, very few of whom had either taste or courage for such dangerous work as that of the Pilgrims in America. They were a part of the great English middle class, out of which is evolved the force that makes England what she is among the nations. Our ancestor was not afraid of work, and yet he was not a mere workman. The fact that with Jaspar Crane—a famous man of New Haven and Newark—he headed an expedition to effect a settlement on the Delaware, is evidence that he was an enterprising man, although that expedition failed by reason of the violent interference of the Dutch. Had Jaspar Crane and William Tuttle been successful in this attempt to colonize in the valley of the Delaware, it is not unlikely that the history of William's descendants would have been a very different one from what it now is. Perhaps in that case Richard Edwards had never met Elizabeth Tuttle, and that American history had not received that brilliant page which chronicles the great men who sprung from that union. We have not ability as we have no right to say what would have been, but it is not presumption to surmise that William Tuttle's ill success on the Delaware had not a little to do with the fact that his children married in the leading families on the Quinnepac, and that "his blood still remains the best blood in Connecticut." This man was ordained of Providence to do his main work in Connecticut, and that in this divine Providence was wise who will question?

If we take a look backward to the point in history where our ancestor first appears, with our knowledge we cannot fail to note the influence which the founders of Commonwealths exert on their future. Had Cortes led his thieving and superstitious Spaniards to Plymouth, the history of New England and the continent would have been different, and had the races which people New England been welcome to Mexico and Peru, the resplendent pages of Prescott's volumes had been impossible. Providence works no miracles, but by general laws it makes nations like the men who found them.

In defining the social, industrial, and religious virtues of our ancestor, a good, enterprising, intelligent freeman, the high-priest of a household, designed by him as a Christian home for the education of his children, we do but an act of simple justice to him as one of the men who shared the responsibilities, toils and glory of founding, shaping and developing this nation.

How well our ancestor and his descendants have done their part in the important work assigned them is not for me to say, but you, and I trust the public at large, will pardon the statement, that so far as our investigations have been carried we rarely find the evidence of crime as known in the records of the courts. The same is true of pauperism. The jail and the poor-house are very rarely found in the history of our family. That there may have been some intemperate men among us is likely, but so far as we can learn Temperance has been a virtue generally practised by us. We have in more respects than one added to our virtue temperance.

Our kinsfolk for more than two hundred years have filled many honorable positions in society. There have been farmers, blacksmiths, shoemakers, carpenters, merchants, printers, preachers, bankers, lawyers, doctors, authors, editors, teachers, artists, soldiers and other kinds of workers in the family. Our men are sometimes found in places of trust and

honor both in the Church and the State. As for their politics I can say but little more than to express the conviction that they have been true to their country. As to church relations we find the children of William Tuttle in many of the leading churches, and some of them exercising their gifts in the pulpit. They are found in these various Protestant Churches, but I have never yet heard of one who has gone to Rome.

It may seem to some a vain conceit but it is a fact that our family includes in its branches not a few names of men who have done much to shape the destinies of the country. As an illustration let me refer to the most brilliant portion of our family history, a portion sufficiently great and noble to produce a just pride in the many families which like ourselves claim part in it. Who for example can estimate fully the influence which Jonathan Edwards, the most illustrious of William Tuttle's descendants, has exerted on the religious thought and life of our nation and the Christian world? Robert Hall and Thomas Chalmers in their glowing encomiums on this man and his writings only set forth the sentiment of thinkers since his day. His son and namesake was not merely a theologian but a reformer and philanthropist whose logic and eloquence did much to rectify the public sentiment on the true character of negro slavery. To this add his influence as an educator of young men at Union College and you have a great man, the worthy son of a worthy father. Among missionaries David Brainerd ranks very high. His words and life inspired Henry Martyn as they have many others. And who that reads of his relations to the beautiful daughter of President Edwards who was betrothed to him does not feel that he caught not a little of his lofty devotion and enthusiasm from her? When President Dwight, a descendant of William Tuttle, took the direction of Yale College, the spirit of infidelity was outrageous in its boldness and impiety. That chief of our Christian Colleges

had become like a poisoned fountain. That great man was great in shaping the policy of the college, in elevating its standard of culture, in attracting crowds of young men to its halls and inspiring them with the love of letters. Who can begin to compute his work in these respects, and yet great as he was in these, he was not so great as in the power with which he drove infidelity from that institution. There are venerable spots in our land to which we may resort reverently, and yet where is there one more venerable than the chapel in which Dr. Dwight unfolded and defended the doctrines of the Bible and commended them to the convictions of thousands of young men? It has been said that as the result of a single revival of religion in Yale College under Dwight young men were introduced into the Christian ministry whose labors brought fifty thousand converts into the church. A certain statesman once said, "I have expressed the opinion which length of time has continually strengthened, that no man except the 'father of his country' has conferred greater benefits on our nation than President Dwight."

The stranger may smile at this line of thought, as though I make too much of the relation of this truly remarkable line to our family. I *do* make much of it, and justly. And yet all I claim is that these great descendants of our family ancestor are our kinsmen, and that Elizabeth Tuttle was their ancestress. That other choice blood flowed into this channel is certain as one can easily see by inspecting its genealogy. Timothy Edwards was a truly remarkable man, and his son Jonathan was not only a great man but one of the greatest that ever lived on this continent, and the only thing here stated is that the strong and gifted Welsh blood of Elizabeth Tuttle flowed in their veins and those of their descendants. "Great men have great mothers," and the world will be charitable enough for our boast that a genuine Tuttle-

mother conceived and nursed the Edwards family, a family so illustrious as to shed glory on all the races which are associated with it.

Just here comes in an inspiring and noble thought. A family is not the product of a single blood. There are not a few cases in which families have sought to keep themselves aloof from others in their marriage relations, but it is not necessary to rehearse the disastrous terminations of all such experiments. We may take several of the ten lines of descent from William of New Haven, and we shall find them rejecting this method for one which, as our genealogist puts it, has led them to "marry into the best families of Connecticut." He need not limit his assertion to a single State. Our people have sought their affinities with other families who had the same general characteristics as themselves. The virtues of races as the Edwards, Baldwin, Platt, Hotckiss, Pierepont, Hooker, Parkhurst, Bruen, Ward, Andrews, Thompson, and scores like them, have shown themselves in the blood which has united with that which we draw from our common ancestors. Each addition is an increase of the original force and a widening of its sphere, so that find it where you may you find a blood of the same grand kind that beat in him who bronght it in his own brave heart to America. We do not institute an invidnous comparison between ours and the numerous other families of this country, but only say we are not ashamed of our lineage traced back to the enterprising man who in 1635 came hither in the ship Planter, and at the same time so well have his descendants preserved the inheritance received from him that we think he has no reason to be ashamed of us, nor we to be ashamed of ourselves.

It is time to close these remaks. Let me crave your indulgence for any failure I may have made in performing the duty assigned me. Pardon any seeming vanity or levity. If one has "high relations" why not modestly mention the

fact as other people do? Descendants of William Tuttle. I salute you in the name of our common kinship and in the name of the ancestry which concentrates its lines in him, I charge you faithfully to carry out his virtues and to transmit them to the generations following, so that wherever men of our name are found and in whatever honest calling they may bring no shame to their ancestry by saying "We are descendants of William Tuttle of New Haven."

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